

<sup>s^</sup><sub>p</sub>r!u™] [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE*  
*TEIPSUM ! 173*

Thus see we, how the Soul doth use the  
Eyes, As instruments of her quick  
power of sight; Hence do th'Arts  
Optic, and fair Painting rise\*  
Painting, which doth all gentle minds  
delight!

Now let us hear, how She the Ears  
employs i Their office is the  
troubled air to take,  
Hearing. Which in their mazes, forms a  
sound or noise; Whereof herself doth true  
distinction make.

These Wickets of the Soul are placed on  
high. Because all sounds do lightly  
mount aloft! And that they may not  
pierce too violently ; They are  
delayed with turns and windings oft!

For should the voice directly strike the brain, It  
would astonish and confuse it much !  
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound  
restrain, That it, the Organ may more  
gently touch!

As streams, which, with their winding banks, do  
play, Stopt by their creeks, run softly  
through the plain; So in the Ear's labyrinth,  
the voice doth stray, And doth, with easy  
motion, touch the brain!

It is the slowest, yet the daintiest Sense!  
For even the ears of such as have no  
skill, Perceive a discord, and conceive  
offence ! And knowing not what's  
good, yet find the ill!

And though this Sense, first, gentle Music  
found; Her proper object is the Speech of  
Man ! But that speech chiefly which GOD's  
heralds sound, When their tongues utter,  
what his Spirit did pen.

Our Eyes have lids, our Ears still ope we see!  
Quickly to hear, how every tale is proved;  
Our Eyes still move, our Ears unmoved be !  
That though we hear quick, we be not  
quickly moved.